

A N  
O D E,  
In Imitation of the  
SECOND ODE  
O F  
The Third B O O K  
O F  
H O R A C E.

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By Mr. P R I O R.

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L O N D O N,  
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A N

## O D E, &amp;c.

I.

**H**OW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt Thou lie (a)  
 In the Lethargic Sleep, the sad Repose,  
 By which thy close, thy constant Enemy,  
     Has softly lull'd Thee to Thy Woes?  
 Or Wake, degenerate Isle, or Cease to own  
 What Thy Old Kings in *Gallic* Camps have done;  
 The Spoils They brought Thee back, the Crowns They won.  
*WILLIAM*, (so Fate requires) again is Arm'd;  
     Thy Father to the Field is gone:  
 Again *MARIA* Weeps Her absent Lord;  
 For Thy Repose content to Rule alone.  
 Are Thy Enervate Sons not yet Alarm'd?  
 When *WILLIAM* Fights, dare they look tamely on,  
 So slow to get their Ancient Fame Restor'd,  
 As nor to melt at Beauties Tears, nor follow Valours Sword?

(a) *Angustam, amici, Pauperiem pati*  
*Robustus acri Militia Puer*  
*Condiscat, & Parthos feroces*  
*Vexet eques metuendus hasta.*



## II.

See the Repenting Isle Awakes,  
 Her Vicious Chains the generous Goddess breaks:  
 The Fogs around Her Temples are Dispell'd ;  
 Abroad She Looks, and Sees Arm'd *Belgia* stand  
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lords Command;  
 Her Lions Roaring by Her Side, Her Arrows in Her Hand ;  
 And Blushing to have been so long withheld,  
 Weeps off Her Crime, and hastens to the Field :

(b) Henceforth Her Youth shall be inur'd to bear  
 Hazardous Toil and Active War :

To march beneath the Dog-Stars raging Heat,  
 Patient of Summers Drought, and Martial Sweat ;  
 And only Grieve in Winters Camps to find,  
 Its Days too short for Labours They design'd :  
 All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to Watch ;  
 All Day to Mount the Trench, to Storm the Breach ;  
 And all the rugged Paths to tread,  
 Where *WILLIAM* and His Virtue lead.

## III.

(c) Silence is the Soul of War ;  
 Deliberate Counsel must prepare  
 The Mighty Work, which Valour must compleat :  
 Thus *WILLIAM* Rescued, thus Preserves the State ;  
 Thus Teaches Us to Think and Dare ;  
 As whilst his Cannon just prepar'd to Breath  
 Avenging Anger and swift Death,  
 In the try'd Mettle the close Dangers glow,  
 And now too late the Dying Foe  
 Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow ;  
 So whilst in *WILLIAM*'s Breast ripe Counsels lie,  
 Secret and sure as Brooding Fate,  
 No more of His Design appears  
 Than what Awakens *Gallia*'s Fears ;  
 And (though Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)  
 Distracted *Lewis* can discry  
 Only a long unmeasur'd Ruine nigh.

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(b) *Vitamque sub Dio & trepidis agat  
 In rebus.*

(c) *Est & fideli tuta silentio  
 Merces, &c.*

## IV. On



## IV.

On *Norman* Coasts and Banks of frighted *Seine*,  
 Lo ! the Impending Storms begin :  
*Britannia* safely through her Masters Sea  
 Plows up her Victorious Way.  
 The *French Salmoneus* throws his Bolts in vain,  
 Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the Main :  
 'Tis done ! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire,  
 Swift Victory in Vengeful Flames  
 Burns down the Pride of their Presumptuous Names ;  
 They run to Shipwrack to avoid our Fire,  
 And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast  
 Are but sad Marks to shew the rest are lost :  
 All this the Mild, the Beaucous, Queen has done,  
 And *WILLIAM*'s softer half shakes *Lewis*' Throne :  
*MARIA* does the Sea command  
 Whilst *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arms by Land,  
 So, the Sun absent, with full sway, the Moon  
 Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone ;  
 So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone.  
 Io *Britannia* ! loose thy Oceans Chains  
 Whilst *Russell* strikes the Blow Thy Queen ordains :  
 Thus Rescued, thus Rever'd, for ever stand,  
 And bless the Counsel, and Reward the Hand,  
 Io *Britannia* ! thy *MARIA* Reigns.

## V.

From *MARY*'s Conquests, and the Rescued Main,  
 Let *France* look forth to *Sambre*'s armed Shore,  
 And boast her Joy for *WILLIAM*'s Death no more.  
 He lives, let *France* confess, the Victor lives :  
 Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,  
 And spoke her Terrour of his Life too plain.

(e) ———— *Illum ex manibus hosticis*  
*Matrona bellantis Tyranni*  
*Prospiciens, & adulta virgo*  
*Suspiret, cheu ! ne rudis agminum*  
*Sponsus laceſſat regius asperam*  
*Tactu leonem quem cruenta*  
*Per medias rapit ira Cædes.*



The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,  
 In which *That One* of *Lewis'* many Wives,  
 Who by the baleful force of guilty Charms,  
 Has long enthrall'd Him in Her wither'd Arms,  
 Shall o're the Plains from distant Towers on high  
 Cast a-round her mournful Eye,

And with Prophetick Sorrow cry :  
 Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his flight ?  
 Why does despair provoke his Age to fight ?  
 As well the Wolf may venture to engage  
 The angry Lyons generous rage ;  
 The ravenous Vultur, and the Bird of Night,  
 As safely tempt the stooping Eagles flight,  
 As *Lewis* to unequal Arms defy  
 Yon' Heroe, crown'd with blooming Victory  
 Just triumphing o're Rebel rage restrain'd,  
 And yet unbreath'd from Battels gain'd.  
 See ! all yon' dusty Fields quite cover'd o're  
 With Hostil Troops, and *ORANGE* at their Head,  
*ORANGE* destin'd to compleat  
 The great Designs of labouring Fate,  
*ORANGE* the Name that Tyrants Dread :  
 He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more,  
 Down, like the *Persian*, goes the *Gallic* Throne,  
*Darius* flies, young *Ammon* urges on.

## VI.

Now from the dubious Battel's mingled heat  
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty Wing, (f)  
 Impatient to secure a base retreat :  
 Let the pale Coward leave his Wounded King,  
 For the vile privilege to breath,  
 To live with shame in dread of glorious Death.  
 In vain : for Fate has swifter Wings than fear,  
 She follows hard, and strikes Him in the rear,  
 Dying and Mad the Traytor bites the ground,  
 His Back transfix'd with a Dishonest Wound ;

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(f) *Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori,  
 Mors & fugacem prosequitur Virum  
 Nec parcat imbellis Furor  
 Poplitibus timidoque tergo.*



Whilst through the fiercest Troops, and thickest Press,  
 Virtue carries on Success ;  
 Whilst equal Heaven guards the distinguish'd brave,  
 And Armies cannot hurt whom Angels save.

## VII.

Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives, (g)  
 Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives ;  
*Aeneas* suffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,  
 The Heroes acts enlarg'd the Poets thought,  
 Or *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Rage  
 Had ne're like lasting Nature vanquish'd Age ;  
 Whilst *Lewis* then his rising Terrour drowns  
 With Drums Alarms and Trumpets Sounds,  
 Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,  
 From Danger as from Honour far,  
 He bribes close Murder against open War :  
 In vain you *Gallic* Muses strive  
 With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive,  
 Your mouldring Monuments in vain ye raise  
 On the weak Basis of the Tyrants Praise :  
 Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are Prophanic,  
 'Tis Incense to an Idol given,  
 Meat offer'd to *Prometheus' Man*,  
 That had no Soul from Heaven.  
 Against his Will you chain your frightened King  
 On rapid *Rhine's* divided Bed ;  
 And Mock your Heroe, whilst ye Sing  
 The Wounds for which he never bled ;  
 Falshood does poyson on your Praise defuse,  
 And *Lewis' fear* gives Death to *Boileau's Muse*.

## VIII.

On it's own Worth True Majesty is rear'd, (g)  
 And Virtue is her own Reward,  
 With solid Beams and Native Glory bright,  
 She neither Darkness dreads, nor covets Light ;

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(g) *Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ  
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus  
 Nec ponit aut sumit secures  
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.*



True to Her self, and fix't to inborn Laws,  
 Nor sunk by spight, nor lifted by Applause,  
 She from Her settled Orb looks calmly down,  
 On Life or Death, a Prison or a Crown.  
 When bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay  
 To foreign Arms, and inward strife a Prey,  
 Whilst One Good Man buoy'd up Her sinking State,  
 And Virtue labour'd against Fate;  
 When fortune basely with ambition joyn'd,  
 And all was conquer'd but the *Patriots* mind,  
 When Storms let loose, and raging Seas  
 Just ready the torn Vessel to o'whelm,  
 Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm,  
 Nor all the Syren Songs of future Peace,  
 And dazzling Prospect of a promis'd Crown,  
 Could lure his stubborn Virtue down;  
 But against Charms, and Threats, and Hell, He stood,  
 To that which was severely good;  
 Then, had no Trophies justified his Fame,  
 No Poet blest his Song with *NASSAW*'s Name,  
 Virtue alone did all that Honour bring,  
 And Heaven as plainly pointed out *The KING*,  
 As when He at the Altar stood  
 In all his Types and Robes of Power,  
 Whilst at His Feet Religious *Britain* bow'd,  
 And own'd him next to what We there Adore.

## IX.

Say joyful *Maese*, and *Boin*'s Victorious Flood,  
 (For each has mixt his Waves with Royal Blood)  
 When *WILLIAM*'s Armies past, did He retire,  
 Or view from far the Battel's distant Fire?  
 Could He believe His Person was too dear?  
 Or use His Greatness to conceal His Fear?  
 Could Prayers or Sighs the dauntless Heroe move?  
 Arm'd with Heaven's Justice, and His People's Love,  
 Through the first Waves He wing'd His Vent'rous Way,  
 And on the Adverse Shore arose,  
 (Ten thousand flying Death's in vain oppose)  
 Like the great Ruler of the Day,  
 With Strength and Swiftnes mounting from the Seas:

Like



Like Him all Day He Toil'd, but long in Night  
 The God had eas'd His wearied light,  
 'Ere Vengeance left the stubborn Foes,  
 Or *WILLIAM*'s Labours found repose.  
 When His Troops falter'd, stept not He between,  
 Restor'd the dubious Fight again,  
 Mark'd out the Coward that durst fly,  
 And led the fainting Brave to Victory ?  
 Still as she fled Him, did He not o'ertake,  
 Her doubtful course, still brought Her Bleeding back ?  
 By His keen Sword did not the Boldest fall ?  
 Was He not King, Commander, Souldier, All—— ?  
 His Dangers such, as with becoming Dread,  
 His Subjects yet Un-Born shall Weep to Read ;  
 And were not those the only Days that ere  
 The Pious Prince refus'd to hear  
 His Friends Advices, or His Subjects Prayer.

## X.

Where e're old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,  
 Or fills his Vassals Tributary Urns ;  
 To *Belgia*'s fav'd Dominions, and the Sea,  
 Whose righted Waves rejoice in *WILLIAM*'s fway.  
 Is there a Town where Children are not Taught,  
 Here *Holland* Prosper'd, for here *ORANGE* Fought,  
 Through Rapid Waters, and through flying Fire :  
 Here rush'd the Prince, Here made whole *France* retire.——  
 By different Nations be this Valour blest,  
 In different Languages confest,  
 And then let *Shannon* Speak the rest :  
 Let *Shannon* Speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,  
 When Conquest hov'ring on his Arms did wait,  
 And only ask'd some Lives to Bribe her o're.  
 The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,  
 With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait,  
 And Scorning Glory at a Price too great,  
 With so much Power such Piety did joyn,  
 As made a Perfect Virtue Soar  
 A Pitch unknown to Man before,  
 And lifted *Shannon*'s Waves o'er those of *Boyne*.



## XI.

Nor do his Subjects only share  
 The Prosp'rous Fruits of His Indulgent Reign;  
 His Enemies approve the Pious War,  
 Which, with their Weapon, takes away their Chain:  
 More than His Sword, His Goodness strikes His Foes;  
 They Bless His Arms, and Sigh they must oppose.  
 Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,  
 And 'tis for Man's Delight that He is Great:  
 Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,  
 If He were more a Victor, or a Friend:  
 So much His Courage and His Mercy strive,  
 He Wounds, to Cure; and Conquers, to Forgive.

## XII.

Ye Heroes, that have Fought Your Countries Cause,  
 Redress'd Her Injuries, or Form'd Her Laws,  
 To my Advent'rous Song just Witness bear,  
 Assist the Pious Muse, and hear Her Swear,  
 That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,  
 But solid Story, and severest Truth,  
 That WILLIAM Treasures up a greater Name,  
 Than any Country, any Age, can Boast:  
 (g) And all that Ancient Stock of Fame  
 He did from His Fore-Fathers take,  
 He has improv'd, and gives with Interest back;  
 And in His Constellation does unite  
 Their scatter'd Rays of Fainter Light:  
 Above or Envy's lash, or Fortunes Wheel,  
 That settled Glory shall for ever dwell  
 Above the Rowling Orbs, and common Sky,  
 Where nothing comes that e're shall Dic.

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(g) *Virtus recludens immeritis Mori  
 Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ  
 Catusque vulgares & udam  
 Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.*



## XIII.

Where Roves the Muse ? Where thoughtless to return  
 Is her short liv'd Vessel Born,  
 By Potent Winds too subject to be tost ?  
 And in the Sea of *WILLIAM*'s Praises lost ?  
 Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore  
 VWhere our abandon'd Youth She sees  
 Shipwrackt in Luxury, and lost in Ease ;  
 VWhom nor *Britannia*'s Danger can alarm,  
 Nor *WILLIAM*'s Exemplary Virtue warm :  
 Tell 'em howe'er the King can yet Forgive  
 Their Guilty Sloath, their Homage yet Receive,  
 And let their wounded Honour live :  
 But sure and sudden be their just Remorse ;  
 Swift be their Virtues rise, and strong its Course ;  
 For though for certain Years and destin'd Times,  
 Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes ;  
 Though *Jove* seem'd Negligent of human Cares,  
 Nor Scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Prayers.  
 His Justice now Demands the equal Scales,  
 Sedition is Supprest, and Truth Prevails :  
 Fate it's great Ends by slow Degrees Attains,  
 And *Europe* is Redeem'd, and *WILLIAM* Reigns.

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(b) ——— *Sæpe Diespiter*  
*Neglectus incesto addidit Integrum*  
*Rario antecedentem Scelestum*  
*Deservit Pede pœna Claudio.*

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F I N I S.